

PIETY,
AND
POESY.
CONTRACTED,
In a Poëtick Miscellanie
OF
SACRED POEMS.

By THO: JORDAN, Gent.

Plus olei quam vini, mihi consumptum est.

LONDON, Printed by Rob: Wood.

PIETY

AND

POESY.

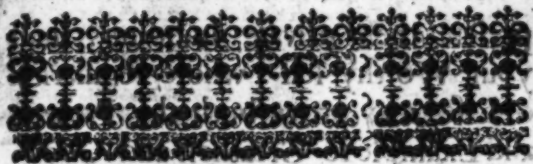
CONTRACTED
MR. PYCRAFT
In a Poetical Miscellany

SACRED POEMS.

By Tho: Jordan, Gent.

This old edition, with corrections.

LONDON, Printed by J. Smith.



TO THE
WELL ACCOMPLISHED,

MR. PYCRAFT

SEVERE Experience, hath (in these
Evil times) sufficiently evidenced,
that Goodness and Greatness are not
constantly grafted upon one Stock;
PIETY doth not always take up her
repose in Precisians, nor Charity in
Churchmen; and although Formality
findes many empty Admirers, yet Re-
viry is the onely object of my Devo-
tion: To whom then may I better

present these private Labours, then
your Worthy self; whose regularity
of Life, may prove both the Precept
and Example to Greatness and Good-
ness. I should enlarge my self further
in the circumstance of Your Accom-
plishments, but that I know, you are
as unwilling to hear your Praises, as
other men their Faults. I shall therefore
only implore your Acceptation, Par-
don, and Protection, in the entertain-
ment of this humble Oblation; and
that I may for my Affection sake more
than my Merit, obtain the happy Ti-
tle of being

SIR,

Your Unfeigned Servant.

THO. JORDAN

c A

PIETY,
AND
POESY.

*On the Title, that was fixed upon the Cross of
our Blessed Saviour :*

Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

Imploration.

Almighty Maker (on whose Power divine
The Seraph and the sacred Cherubin
Attend with holy Anthems) gracious be
to my Design ; Oh make my Poetic
ture as an Angels Essence, that it may
sing in thy Quire, when my neglected Clay

B

Be-

PIETY and POESY.

Becomes a prostrate Ruine, and is hurld
 To its first Earth, by the forgetfull VWorld;
 Oh! may each Line have a celestial Art,
 To make the Good prove Constant, Bad Convert;
 Then in this Line I may declare my Muse,
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

This was once <i>Pilat's</i> Title, and his Jest When it was fixt on the diviner Crest Of my Eternal Lord: Oh! I must grudge At thee false <i>Pilat</i> , Couldst thou judge thy Judge? Could thy oblivious Soul so soon expell The apprehension of each Miracle His potent Pow'ers performed? If he wou'd Legions of <i>Angels</i> had secur'd his Bloud From thy insulting Tyranny, for hee That was thy Pris'ner, could have captiv'd Thee: Oh! then how durst thy Rebell heart abuse <i>Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.</i>	<i>John</i> 19.19 <i>Matth.</i> 26.53
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Why (like a just Judge) didst not punish them Who (ith' worst form of malice) Spit on him? Why did thy lewder Laws the Traitor miss That seal'd his Master's Murther with a Kiss? Why did thy black thoughts hold conspiracy To send him to thy long-vow'd Enemy? His death, <i>Pilat's</i> and <i>Herod's</i> hatred ends, When True souls suffer, Impious men are Friends. But why did thy injurious Judgement passe On <i>Jesus</i> clear, for guilty <i>Barrabas</i> ?	<i>Mat.</i> 27.30 <i>Mar.</i> 14.45 <i>Luke</i> 23.7 <i>Mat.</i> 27.26
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PIETY and POESY

(A Murtherer) that did (like thee) refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

But (*Scriptum est*) Eternity decreed *Mat. 26. 24*
 That on the Crosse the King of kings must bleed,
 Condemn'd by Vassals ; *Pilat*, dar'st thou sit
 Upon the Bench for whom the Bar was fit ?
 Obdurate Judge, could not thy Eyes relent
 To see the glory of an Innocent
 Brought to thy guilty Session? where the Jury
 Instead of Good, and True, are fraught with Fury
 Such (as without Examination) cry'd,
 (With voyces lowd) *Let him be crucified,*
His Blood be upon us : thus they accuse *Matth.*
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews *27. 23*

Ye are all guilty, and his blood will bee
 On all your Generations : yet agree
 To call your Verdicts back : No? then go on :
 They love no Good, dread no Damnation :
 He thinks the purple purchase *Judas* sent *Matth.*
 Confessing he Betray'd the Innocent *27. 4*
 Should give your guilty Sentence an affront,
 His words were True, He took his Death upon't :
 Though 'twas a desperate one ; Could he expect
 A better End for such a bloody Act ?
 Like Ends must fall to all who do refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews

PIETY and POESY.

All that you can alleadge, is this, He said,
Destroy this Temple, and (without Man's aid)
 You shall perceive (in 3 days space) that then *Mat.*
 (By my own power) *it shall be built agen:* 26.61.
 Where were your Wisdomes then? could not your
 And learned *Rabbins* know the *Mysterics* (wise
 This Oracle pronounc'd? He did forehew
 The Temple of his Bodies overthrow :
 This Temple you do ruine, and you shou'd
 Pay for the Sacriledge, your guilty Bloud :
 Although with Stripes and Scorns still you abuse
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

He bears his Cross, toyls till he's out of breath, *John*
 Oh! cruel, must he Labour for his Death? 19.17.
 But *Simon* takes his Burthen, and goes on *Mark*
 Under the Tree must bear Salvation : 15.21.
 A Fruit that we should for Souls comfort keep,
 Although the first Plantation makes nie weep :
 Now was their Journey ended, for they saw
 The place of Death, *Skull-bearing-Golgotha;* *Mark*
 There was the Cross up-reared, and on that, 15.22.
 My Lord was hoysted, nail'd, derided at,
 This Title plac'd upon him, which ensues,
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. *Joh. 19.19.*

Now doth he Pray, and his dread Father woo
 To Pardon, ~~cause they know not what they doe;~~ *Luke*
 Now doth his Human Nature loudly cry, 23.34-
Eloi Eloi Lamasaba Cbanie: *Mark 15.34-*
Now

PIETY and POESY.

Now he resigns the Ghost, his Spirit flies, Mar.
Hierusalem is fill'd with *Prodigies*; 15-37.
 The Graves are open'd, the cold Dead come out,
 Ranging the fatal City round about; Mat. 27. 52, 53
 The Temple rends; how could it stand alone
 After the Jews remov'd the *Corner Stone*? Ephes.
 Oh! let this prompt my Soul nere to abuse 2. 20.
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

A Dream of Dooms Day.

Dreams are the Stories of our Sleep; they be-
 The things that best perswade; *Security*
 Is not in beds of softest Down, for they
 Disturb by Night, like our Designs by Day;
 Yet there be some who have them in election,
 To be the *Prophets* of our next days *Action*:
 I shall hold no opinion, but refer
 Them and their Natures to th' *Interpreter*:
 But I'll declare my own; The hour of *Night*,
 Nature, and *Custom*, did at once invite
 My weary Brain to Rest. I made my Prayer
 To my Preserver, and did straight prepare
 To entertain their bounty: Not an hour
 Had Sleep possess'd me with his passive pow'r,
 But such a Dream I had, as made me flow
 In my own Sweat and Tears, a greater woe
 Nere did engross the grieving soul of Man,
 Since those black days, *Egypt's* ten plagues began.

PIETY and POESY,

The Dream.

ME thought up to a barren Mountains head,
 High as ambitious Babel, I was led
 By my own gentle *Gemini*, there to see
 What was nere taught me by *Cosmography*,
 The *Quarters of the World*; Casting my eyes
 Full in the *East*, the glorious Sun gan rise
 Just in my Face, his Beams had so much pow'r,
 They spoil'd my prospect; yet before an hour
 Was full expir'd, me thought the Sun began
 His Declination, it backwards ran,
 Or else my eyes deceiv'd me; all the Air
 Me thought grew thick, as if it did prepare
 To give the Earth a showre; for I could spie
 The chancing Birds unto their Nests to flie,
 Beasts to their Caves, the *Night-bird* to begin
 Her dismal Note, as when the Day shuts in:
 And now the Sun was turn'd to darkness to,
 Night never was so dark, Day did nere shew
 So opposetly light, so that my Hand
 Could scarce declare where my own feet did stand:
 My Senses all were numm'd, and did resign
 Their Faculties; I wish'd the Moon would shine,
 That, since I was depriv'd the short Days light,
 I might receive som solace from the Night:
 The Moon did rise, and yet no sooner shone
 In her full Sphair of Glorie, but was gone.

And

PIETY and POESY.

And nothing was left to be understood
 Where she declined, but an *Orb of Bloud*.
 Lord ! how I trembled then, so did the Hill
 Whereon I stood, as if 't were Sensible
 Of this prodigious Change, the Stars did fall
 As soon as fix, and now, were wandring all :
Where were (thought I) *th' Astronomers this year,*
They did not quote this in the Kalender ?
 Now down the Hill I creep'd, purpos'd to see
 How the great City took this Prodigie :
 I saw 't was full of Lights, ere I was there,
 I heard the cries of *Women*, a great fear
 Possess'd the Poorer sort, and such as those, (I lose)
 Whom, Heaven knows, had nought but Lives to lose
 The Rich were banquetting, ye might have spyed
 In such a street a Bridegroom and his Bride
 Wedded for *Lust*, and *Riches* ; here agen,
 A Crew of costly *Drunkards*, that had been
 Making *one Day of seven* ; there another,
 Like cursed *Cain*, destroying his own *Brather* ;
 Yonder a *Fourth*, who, in as great excess
 Wasteth his Soul with an *Adulteress* :
 Ere I could turn to such another sight,
 I did behold in Heaven a strange Light,
 As if 't were burning *Brimstone*, and, at last,
 I could perceive it fall like rain, so fast,
 I thought that Heaven would have dropt, I cry'd
All you that will by Faith be Justified,
Stir not a foot ; this is the Fatal Day,
For which our Saviour bids you Watch and Pray.

PIETY and POESY.

Great Structures were but Bonfires, Turrets swoll
 In their own Lead, whilst here poor wretches come
 Half roasted in the Rain, and Mothers flie
 Laden with pretty Children, till they die:
 No *Dig* can still their crying, and each *Kisse*
 The *Mother* gives, a showre of Sulphur is:
Letchers, *Insatiate Strumpets*, with their shames,
 As they first met in fire, depart in flames;
 No flattering *Epitaph*, or *Elegie*,
 Hangs on the Herse of proud *Nobility*.
 The Epidemick fires, at once, do fling
 Into one *Grave*, a *Vassal*, and a *King*:
 Our *Judges* leave the *Senate*, throw away
 Their reverend *Purple*, and in *Ashes* pray
 To that great *Judge of Heaven*, in whose *Eys*
 Relenting *Pitty*, and *Compunctiō* lies:
Husbands embrace their *Wives*, but ere they part,
 Both burn to *Cinders*, *Death* had never *Dart*
 That gave such cruel *Torments*; some do flie
 To *Rivers* to assuage their *Misery*,
 But all in vain; for fire hath there more power
 Than ever *water* had, the flaming showre
 Is not to be avoided; all do run,
 But none know whether; now my *Dream* is done;
 For here I wak'd, and glad I was to see
 'Twas but a *Dream*; yet Lord, so gracious be
 To my request, that this *Nights Dream* may stay
 Still in my thoughts, then shall I *Watch* and *Pray*,
 Be ever *Penitent* with holy *Sorrow*,
 For fear thou make my *Dream* prove true to *Mor*

On

PIETY and POESY

On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom.

Could not the *Angel's* charge (weak woman) turn
Thy longing Eyes from seeing *Sodom* burn?
What Consolation couldst thou think to see
In Punishments that were as due to thee?
For 'tis without dispute, thy onely Sin
Had made thee One, had not thy Husband been
His *Righteousness* preserv'd thee, who went on
Without desire to see Confusion
Rain on the wretched Citizens, but joy'd
That God decreed Thou shouldst not be destroy'd,
Nor thy two *Daughters*, who did likewise flee
The flaming Plague, without casting an Eye
Towards the burning *Towers*, what urg'd thee then
Since they went on, so to look back again?
But God whose *Mercy* would not let his *Ire*
Punish thy *Crime*, as it did theirs, in fire;
With his divine Compunction did consent
At once to give thee *Death* and *Moment*
Where I perceive engraved on thy stone
Are lines that tend to Exhortation:
Which that by thy Offence, I may take heed,
I shall (with sacred application) Read.

PIETY and POESY.

The Inscription.

IN this Pillar do I lie
Buried, where no mortal Eye
Ever could my Bones descry.

When I saw great *Sodom* burn
To this *Pillar* I did turn,
Where my *Body* is my *Urn*.

You to whom my *Corps* I shew
Take true warning by my wo,
Look not back when *God* cries *Go*.

They that toward virtue high
If but back they cast an Eye
Twice as far do from it flie.

Counsel then I give to those
Which the path to blisse have chose,
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

That way let your whole hearts lie,
If ye let them backward flie
They'll quickly grow as hard as I.

PIETY and POESY,

On Eve' tasting the Apple.

The Fruit was amiable to the Eys,
'Twas fit for food, 'twas Good, 'twould make ont
The subtil Serpent wanted neither tale, (Wise,
Nor terms of Art, to set the fruit to sale;
Me thinks the words th' Almighty did repeat,
In saying *Of this Tree yee shall not eat,*
Proposing punishment likewise, that by
The tasting this forbidden fruit, ye die,
Should have sufficient force in ye to fright
The Tempters craft, and your own Appetite:
Could ye conceit, a Serpent (made as you
By th' will of God) more than yone Maker knew?
But 'tis in vain my passion thus to vent
'Gainst you that have receiv'd your punishment,
Yet give me leave to grieve; for, since your fall,
That fruit hath wrought diseases in us all.

On the Children of Israel murmur- ring at Manna.

Blind Israelites, can ye no sooner boast
Ye are secur'd from Pharaoh, and the coast
Of cruel Egypt, but (that to obtain
Their *Flesh-pots*) ye would be their Slaves again?
Hath great *Jehovah* made his Servants free,
And are they angry at their liberty?

Are

PIETY and POESY.

Are not your Labours ended? or doth Care
Perplex your senses for the next days fare?
What is't doth cause your murmur and disquiet?
Are ye not fed with Manna? *Angels diet*:
Are ye not fated ev'ry Morn and Even,
With food in pearly viols, sent from Heaven?
Your two first Parents in the Garden, had
No greater store, why will you then be sad?
And call down angry Justice, to exclude
This plenty from you, for Ingratitude?
Are ye not *God's Elect*? doth he not tell,
He will protect his chosen Israel?
And yet ye grieve, and murmur at the food
He sends ye, which is temperately good,
Fit for your Constitutions? and doth bless
Your Bodies with it in a Wildernesse:
These Acts of wonder, were your Food as base
As it is very precious, might breed Grace
In your ungratefull souls; you should consent
Together to be thankfully Content,
For these high Favors, which he nere did shew
Since *Adams* fall, to any but to you:
It is content, and thankfulness that makes
Course Fare appear as fine as Costly Cakes:
Then pray for those two Vertues, you that have
More then a usefull plenty, yet still crave,
Whilst the profusest Banqueter shall sit
T' invent strange Dishes, 'til he waits his wit,
And starves his bodie to. It is not Meat
Onely, that makes the body shew repleat;

But

PIETY and POESY

But 'tis the grace of God that must attend
Our Meals in their *beginning* and their *end*.
That feeds the *poor man* when his Table's spread
With a Course cloth, the *Rich man's* refus'd bread,
And his own dear-got penny-worth, which (eat)
He neither doth repine, or wish for meat;
This is a life of *Peace*, *Content*, and *Good*,
It cherisheth as well the *Soul*, as *bloud*;
The dis-contented stomachs when they spie
A dish they like, oft surfet, or else die;
So did the *Isaelites* when *Quails* were sent,
Their *plenty* did become their *punishment* :

But let me crave, Oh ! thou *Omnipotent*,
That canst, and dost allow *Food* and *Content*;
Thou Saviour, that didst the thousands feed
With *two poor Fishes*, and *five loaves of Bread*;
That didst the Tempters rude Request deny,
VWhen as thou saidst, *Man not by Bread onely*
Must live, but by the precious words that do
Proceed from thee, Grant me those Dishes too :
For then I know *Want* never can controul
My repleat *Body* or inspired soul,
Let me with joy thy *Benefits* embrace
And, when thou send'st me *Manna*, give me *Grace*.

PIETY and POESY.

On Mary Magdalen's coming to the Tomb of our Saviour.

WHilst the sad night was dark, and silent, then
To th' Sepulcher comes Mary Magdalen,
She fears no idle Fancies of the Night,
Faith in the deepest Darkness, shines most bright,
The Temples rending, nor the Prodigies,
That came to grace the Worlds great Sacrifice,
Frighted not her, but all alone, to th' Tomb
Of her dead Lord is poor Maria come,
No Apparition could her terror be
An Apparition, 'twas she came to see.

On Peter called to be a Fisher of Men.

WHen Simon Peter from his Fishers trade
By Christ was called, and a Man-fisher made,
The World soon scorn'd him, and would not be
Like Fish, by Peter, nor by Jesus Bought; (caught
Yet there is no great wonder in't, for when
Have ye known Fish affect the Fisher-men.

On

PIETY and POESY

On Peter's Imprisonment and Release.

Is the Great Shepherd, whom our Saviour call'd
 To feed his Sheep and Lambs, like them, install'd
 Now by a wolvisb Tyrant ? Or did he
 Envy our Peter's office ? and would be
 Himself in that *high place* ? *Bad men* (we know)
 Desire a *Good-man's* Title, though they shew
 No virtue of their Calling, *Thieves* would be
 Term'd *True men*, though their Trade be *Felony*,
 'Tis a strange govern'd *Kingdom*, where they keep
Shepherds in bold, and *Wolves* to feed their *Sheep* :
 Must Heavens mighty *Keeper* now obey
 The wretched bondage of a *Faulors Key* ?
 Must Fetters cling about his sacred *Bones* ?
 And, for his *Guard*, four bold *Quaternions*
 Of Life-depriving *Souldiers*, such as flie
 All acts that tend not unto *Tyranny* ?
 What is the *Saint* accus'd of ? Can your *Laws*
 Inflict a *punishment* without a *Cause* ?
 Was he too Holy for your vitious *Time* ?
 Too just ? or, was his *Innocence* his *Crime* ?
 'Tis a hard case where *virtue* must intreat
 For *right*, when Guilt sits on the *Judgement seat* :
 Peter this case is thine ; yet (thou dost know)
 Not thine alone, 'twas our great *Masters* too,
 Then since his *Neck* unto that *Yoke* did come
 There is no *Majesty*, like *Martyrdom* :

Observe

PIETY and POESY

Observe the Sequel : In the dead of Night,
 VVhen Silence rul'd the sleepy VVorld, and Light
 VVas quite extinguisht, (for the Lord did make
 It darker sure, for his lov'd Peter's sake)
 For whose abuse Herod and's impious Men
 Might well despair of seeing day agen :
 In prison 'twixt two stout-arm'd Souldiers, there
 Most sweetly slept our holy Prisoner, (immure
 Though burthened with his Chains, Nought can
 Rest from that Soul that is from guilt secure :
 A sudden Light more glorious than the Sun
 Enter'd the Prison VValls, which first begun
 To strike and awake Peter, it is held
 A doubt, whether that Peter first did yield
 The motion of his Eyes unto the smite
 This glorious body gave him, or his Light,
 But now he is commanded to arise,
 To shake his Bonds off, which he doth, off flies
 The Locks, and Bolts of Prison-Doors, and He
 Follows this Light that leads to Liberty :
 Thus, in one Minute, doth the Jailor leese
 (Spight of his care) his Pris'ner, and his Fees.

Imploration.

Lord fill my Soul with Innocence; and then
 I care not though I be in Daniels den,
 Pth' fiery Furnace nought can me assail ;
 Were I lock'd up in Jonah's water Goal ;

! Just

PIETY and POESY.

Just Josephs pit, or Peter's prison, all
If I remain in Innocence are small:
And, as thou saidst to Peter, say to me
Shake of thy Bonds, Ile do't, and Follow thee.

On the Penitent Thiefe upon the Cross.

TWas time to cry Remember, 'twas an hour
Fit to invoke thy dying Saviour
For an eternal life, yet it is strange
To see this blessed, un-expected, Change
In thee, a Thief, how couldst thou hope to be
Preserv'd by him, that was condemn'd like thee?
Or if thou didst conceit his power could give
A Life to thee, Why didst not ask to live?
As did thy Partner, whose desire was thus,
If thou be Christ, save thou thy self, and Us:
Then might ye hope after your strange Reprieves
To rob agen, be more notorious Thieves,
Resolve to keep the Passenger in awe,
To steal in spite of Conscience, or Law;
Why didst thou ask his Kingdom, there's no place
Fit for thy Trade, No Mask to hide thy face
From the known Traveller; the Wealth he gives
Can never be devour'd by Rust, or Thieves:
But this was not thy Aim, thy Lord could see,
'Twas not for this thou cri'dst Remember me:
For thou wert Penitent, and from each Eye
True drops did fall to purge thy Felony;

PIETY and POESY.

What ever thou didst force from any one
 Thy Teares distill'd a Restitution;
 But what did cause all this? sure 'twas that Eye
 That look'd and made forgetful Peter cry
 After his *Third Deniall*, whose bles'd Sight
 Can give a *Thief* Repentance, blinde men, light;
 Thence came that *Faith*, which made thee to believe
 This *Jesus* had a *Kingdom* for to give:
 That taught thee to obtain it, that did shew
 How by Repentance thou must thither go;
 That made thee to cry out undauntly,
 When thou com'st thither, Lord, Remember me:
 Let me Sweet Saviour take this Thief's advice,
 And I shall be with thee in Paradise:
 No Fagot, Gibbet, Rack, or Ax shall fear me,
 If on my Crosse, I have a Cure so near me.

Charity begins at home.

When *Christ* (to save Believers from all evils)
 Gave his Disciples power to cast out Devils;
Judas (who did his Master's life betray)
 It is suppos'd, had no lesse power than they;
 And yet we cannot read amongst the many
 Great Acts they did, that ere he cast out any
 The Obstacle is found, for *Judas* sins
 In the first Rule, where *Charity begins*,
 It was not strange, he dis-possessed none
 From others, that could not first cast out: own:

Learn

PIETY and POESY.

Learn here ye Teachers, ere ye go about
To clear mens Eyes, first take your own beams out :
That then those beams of darkness being gon
Men may behold in you the Beams oth' Son.

On holy Fasting, and on holy hunger.

AN holy Fasting may be call'd a Feast,
It feeds the fainting Soul, and gives it rest,
He that would gain a life for Everlasting
By God's account, is onely full with fasting,
A holy Hunger doth suppress all Evil,
That kinde of Hunger famisheth the Devil.

On our Saviour paying Tribute,

IT was decreed the King of Kings must pay
Exacted Tribute, to a King of Clay :
Cesar must have his Image, and his birth
May well exact it, 'tis but Earth to Earth :
We are Christs Image, our Souls onely easer,
Why should not he have's due as well as Cesar ?

On Paul's healing the Creeple at Lystra.

WHen Christ to Paul his Curing power reveal'd
And he at Lystra had a Creeple heal'd,
The astonish'd People, with hands heav'd on high,
Adore him by the name of Mercury,

PIETY and POESY.

The God of Eloquence, and well they might
Whose *Tongue* could make a *Creeple* walk upright.

On the holy Ghost descending like a Dove.

WHEN *John* (unwilling 'cause unworthy) lead
Christ into *Jordan*, ore his glorious head
Hovers a *Dove*, whose bright wings would not cease
Till they were spread over the *Prince of peace* ;
Well may our *Turtles* grieve their sad estates,
When *Doves* from Heaven come to seek their *Mates*.

Sapiens Dominabitur Astris.

GAve the *star* light to th' three *Wise men* from far?
No 'twas their *Faith* gave light unto the *star*.

On the Pharisees requiring of a Sign.

YE faithless *Pharisees*, what would ye more
To shew the Coming of our *Saviour*
Then ye have seen? hath not his power, and might,
Giv'n *Creeples* legs? and to the *blinde* their sight?
Restor'd to life, and health, a Corps that dyed,
Was throw'ded, coffin'd, grav'd, and putrified?
Fed many souls, turn'd *Water* into *Wine*?
Yet (for all this) ye still require a *Sign* ;
Our *Saviour* still, some greater *Sign* must give ;
It is a sign (vain men) you'll not believe.

PIETY and POESY.

On our Saviour's receiving of Children,

EXcept we be converted, and become
As little Children we shall have no room
In God's eternal Kingdom, and who ere
Can be so humble, shall be greatest there,
Or he that will receive so sweet a flower
Into his bosom, hugs his Saviour:
But he that shall offend such little Ones
That are believing, better 'twere Mill-stones
Were hung about his fatal neck, and he
Render'd a prey to the devouring sea:
If Children Lord, are acceptable then
Make me a Child, Let me be born agen.

On our Saviour's saying, he brought a Sword,

Our Saviour said, he came to bring a Sword
Into the World, 'tis true, that was his Word,
Lord, strike our hearts with that, and so assure us,
That way of wounding is the means to cure us.

On Saul's Conversion in his Journey to Damascus.

When Saul was call'd to be a Convertite, (light
God's glorious presence struck him blind with
What strange Enygmas Heaven can devise,
Saul then saw clear ft, when he lost his Eyes.

PIETY and POESY;

The lustre struck him to the Earth, and he
At that rebound rise to Eternity;
Look here *Ambition*, learn this of *Saul*,
The onely way to rise high, is to fall.

On the words, Scriptum est.

OUR Saviour gives the perfect Revelation
To his Disciples of his Death, and Passion,
When Wisemen see known Dangers they prevent us;
Yet Christ fore-saw his Wrongs, but under-went us;
He did expect no quiet, ease, or rest,
Untill he had perform'd *Quod scriptum est.*

*An Eclogue betwixt Saul, the Witch of
Endor, and the Ghost of Samuel.*

The Introduction.

WHEN as the proud Philistines did prepare
Their Bands in frightfull order to make War
Against the Israelites, Saul (their wish'd King)
March'd forth, and unto Gilboa did bring
All Israel, where (till the sad Events (Tents:
The threatening War had brought) they pitch'd their
But when the Host of the proud Foe appear'd
To Saul so infinite, he greatly fear'd;
The rather 'cause he did no more inherit
The Divine Power of a Prophetick Spirit:

PIETY and POESY.

For now the Power of God had left him so,
That he by *Prophecy* nor *Dream* could know
His *future fate*, from him all power went
That doth support *Kings just*, and *innocent*;
And now a fearfull rage usurpeth all
His nobler *thoughts*, he doth begin to call
For *Wizards*, *Witches*, and his Fate refers
No more to *Prophets* but to *Sorcerers*:

A Woman must be found, whose breast inherits
The damn'd Delusions of *predictive Spirits*;
So in my younger observation

Of this vile World, I have cast my Eyes upon
A fawning *Parasite* who for some *Boon*
His Patron had to graunt, would beg, fall down
Before him for it; which being deny'd,
His Humbleness converts to its old Pride,
He grows Malicious, what he did desire
Before with Meekness, now he'll win with *Ice*
If Cruelty and Murther can prefer
His long-wish'd Ends, he'll be a Murtherer,
Or any thing of horror, yet will pray
And beg, at first, to ha't the safest way;
Though 'tis not Love, or Service, he extends,
But Flattery to purchase his own Ends;
So *Saul's* resolv'd, since Heaven denies to tell
What he would know, makes his next means to *Hell*:
To *Endor* goes accompanied by No man;
And, with these words, invokes th' Infernal Woman:

PIETY and POESY.

Saul and the Witch,

Saul. **T**Hou learned Mother of mysterious Arts,
I come to know what thy deep skill im-
By Neeromancie : Thou whose awfull power (parts
Can raise winds, thunder, lightnings, canst deflower
The Spring of her new Crop : Of thee I crave
That thou wilt raise some spirit from the grave,
Who may divine unto me, whether Fate
Will make me happy, or unfortunate
In my next Enterprize.

Witch. Strange Man forbear ;
Whose Craft instructed thee to set a snare
For my most wretched Life ? Dost thou not know
King Saul proclaims himself a mortal foe
To our black Colledge ? Hath not his Command
Ruin'd the great'st Magicians of the Land ?
Is't not enough, I am confin'd to dwell
In the dark building of an unknown Cell,
Where I converse with nought, but Batts and Owls,
Ravens and night-Crows, who, from dismal holes,
I send to sick-mens windows, to declare
Death's Embassie, to the offended Ear
Of the declining Patient : Wherefore (pray)
Seek ye this horrid Mansion, to betray
The haplesse Owner ?

Sau. Woman do not fear,
I do not seek thee out, or set a snare
To get thy Life ; for, finish my intent,
As the Lord lives, there is no punishment

Shall

PIETY and POESY

Shall be inflicted on thee ; I will be
A gratefull debtor to thy *Art and Thee* ;
Be speedy then. Oh ! how I long to hear
The Message of my *Fate* !

Wit. Whom shall I rear ?

Sau. Old *Samuel*.

Wit. 'Tis done. Ye Fiends below,
That wait upon our will, one of you goe,
Assume the shape of *Samuel*, and appear,
With such a Voice, and Likeness : or declare
The Reason why you cannot ; for I fear,
Ye dare not do it.

Spirit. Dare not ? I am here.

Wit. Oh ! I am lost ; the unknown *Fates* decree
Have set a period to my *Art and Me*.
Why didst thou thus thy *Royalty* obscure,
To take me Acting my Designs impure ;
In th' midst of them for to contrive my fall ;
So sure my *Death* is, as thy *Name* is *Saul*.

Sau. Though thou divin'st me right, yet do not
But let me understand, what did appear (fear,
After thy *Incantations* ?

Wit. You shall know :
I saw immortal Gods rise from below,
And after them, a Rev'rend aged Man,
Out of the Deep (with speedy passage) ran,
Lapt in a *Mantle*, his white gentle Hairs
Express'd a Brief of many well-spent years :
Within whose Cheeks, bright *Innocence* did move,
His Eys reverted to the Joys above,

(Like

PIETY and POESY.

(Like holy men in prayer) and now appears
To hear your will, and terminate your fears.

Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor.

Sam. Why from the cold bed of my quiet Grave
Am I thus summon'd *Saul*? what wouldst thou have?
Why must thy Incantations call up me
From secure sleep? are men in Graves not free?

Saul. Divinest Spirit of blest *Samuel*,
The Causes that by Necromantick Spell
I am induc'd to raise thee from thy Grave
Are these, within my restless Soul I have
A thousand Torments, The *Philistines* are
Prepar'd against me with a dreadful War
And the Almighty who hath stood my Friend
In many Battels, given victorious End
To all my Actions, and (in Dreams) would shew
Whether I should be Conquerour or no,
All things so near unto my Wishes brought
I knew the Battels End, ere it was Fought,
But now no Invocations can desire
The all-disposing Power to inspire
My longing Soul with so much Augury
As serves to prophetic my Misery;
These are the Causes make me thus return
To thee, though sleeping in thy peacefull Urn.

Sam. Com'st thou to me to know thy Enterprize?
Can Man make manifest what God denies?

Yet

PIETY and POESY,

Yet I shall ease thy doubt; and now prepare
 To hear the fatal passage of thy *War*,
 So sad a Sonnet to thy Soul I'll sing,
 Thou'lt say it is a Curse to be a King;
 That all his *Pomp*, *Titles*, and *Dignity*,
 Are glorious *Woes*, and *Royal Misery*:
 As good Kings are call'd Gods that suppress *Evils*,
 So bad Kings (worse than *Men*) grow worse than *De-*
 But these are exhortations fit for those (vils,
 That have a *Crown* and People to dispose;
 Alas! thou'st none, but what adds to thy *Crosse*,
 Thou hast it, to be ruin'd with the *losse*;
 Thy *Diadem*, upon thy Head long worn,
 In *Majesty*, shall from thy front be torn,
 So shall thy *Kingdome* from thy power be rent,
 And given to *David* as his Tenement;
 Before the *sun* hath once his journey gone
 Unto the West, thou shalt be *overthrown*
 By the *Philistines*, all this shalt thou see,
 And then *thou and thy sons shall be with me*.
 But all these sorrows would have been *Delights*,
 Hadst thou against the Curs'd *Amalekites*
 Obey'd the *Almighties* will. But 'tis too late
 Now to exhort; farewell, attend thy Fate,
Sau. Oh! dismal Doom, more than my Soul can
 A thousand *Furies* in a Band appear, (bear
 To execute their charge; a *Ghost* doth bring
 News that doth make a shadow of a King.
 Oh! wretched *Dignity*! what is thy end?
 That men should so their fond Affections bend

To

PIETY and POESY.

To compass their Frail Glory? half these woes
 That I have on me, would confound my Foes :
 Must these mysterious Miseries begin
 With me, the small'st o'th' *Tribe of Benjamin*?
 It could not else be stil'd a perfect *Thrall*;
 The highest *Riser*, hath the lowest fall.
 Would I had still kept on my weary way,
 To seek my Fathers *Asses*, then to stray
 This Princely path of *passions*; I had then,
 As now most curs'd, been happiest among men.
 Ye *Princes*, that successfully shall Reign
 After my haplesse End, with care and pain,
 Peruse my pined Story, do not be
 Too confident of your frail *Sov'reignty*;
 If *Timidity* could safety bring,
 Why was't not mine (a *Prophet* and a *King*?)
 And (for a *Friend*) what Mortal can excel
 The Knowledge of *Seraphick Samuel*?
 Who had he liv'd, and I his Counsel taken,
 I had not (as I am) been thus forsaken :
 But now I shake thee off, *vain World*, Farewel;
 Here lies entomb'd the *King of Israel*.
 All you that stand, be wary lest you fall,
 And when ye think you're sure, Remember *Saul*.

LET US PRAY.

After the Creed, our holy Pastors say
 Unto their Congregations *Let us pray*.
 The Custome is divine, it argues, they
 That are Believers must not cease to Pray.

PIETY and POESY.

Sure those three words contain a charm that may
 Protect Beleevers, therefore *Let us pray.*
 Would we resist temptation, the broad way
 That leads to black Damnation? *Let us pray.*
 Would we have Names and Honors nere decay,
 But flourish like the Spring-time? *Let us pray.*
 Would we live long and happy, have each day
 Crown'd with a thousand blessings? *Let us pray.*
 Would we have Jesus Christ the onely stay
 Of our sick souls and bodies? *Let us pray.*
 Are we with Judas ready to betray
 Our Friends for fatal treasure? *Let us pray.*
 Are we grown proudly wise, will know no way
 To Heaven but our own? *pray Let us pray.*
 Are we so full of wrath, that we could slay
 Our nearest, dearest Kindred? *Let us pray.*
 Have we committed Treason, and no way
 Is left but desperation? *Let us pray.*
 Do we with Dives let poor Laz'rus stay
 Fasting, while we are Feasting? *Let us pray.*
 Lest evil-Angels bear our Souls away,
 As they did his, to torment, *Let us pray.*
 Are we in dismal Dungeons doom'd to stay,
 'Till Death allow enlargement? *Let us pray.*
 Are we so us'd to swear, that Yea and Nay
 Are words of no Assertion? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Pestilence possess us? lest Delay
 Consume us in a moment, *Let us pray.*
 Are we in wrathfull War, where Tyrants sway
 The sword of black injustice? *Let us pray.*
Would

PIETY and POESY.

Would we return victorious ? win the day
 From our red Adversaries ? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Famine vex our Nation, and decay
 Our (once too pamp'rd)bodies ? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Causeless Care oppresse us, that to day
 We cast for food to Morrow ? *Let us pray,*
 Are we despis'd ? contemn'd ? made to obey
 The wrath of other Nations ? *Let us pray.*
 Are we in sicknesse, and would gladly play
 The sanctifi'd Physitians ? *Let us pray.*
 Doth Death approach us ? lest too long Delay
 Lose both our Souls and Bodies, *Let us pray.*
 Would we be ready for Dooms dreadfull day ?
 Let us (like Ninevites) *Fast, Watch, and Pray.*
 Sure sinfull Sodom had been sav'd, had they
 With one entire consent said, *Let us pray.*
 And put those words in practise ; what we may
 Obtain by Faith and Prayer, who can say,
 But those blest Souls in Heaven ? If Despair
 Poison the Soul, no Antidote like Prayer.
 If, in the stead of Disputations, we
 These seven years, had put our Piety
 Into the *Art* of Prayer, we might have bin
 Free from those Mischiefs past, or now begin :
 Prayer is the *Key* of Heaven, way to quiet,
 The *Lords* preservative, the *Angels* diet :
 It breaks the rage of Thunder, calms the Ocean,
 It is the sweetest Issue of Devotion :
 The Soul put into Language, a Design
 That (by just claim) doth make Gods Kingdom thine :
The

PIETY and POESY.

The Princes Treasury, the Earths increase,
The Christian's Sacrifice, the Path to Peace,
If we would have more blisse than Men can say,
Pens write, or Angels tell us, Let us pray.

An Acrostick conteining the Ten COMMANDMENTS.

EXOD. XX.

Thy God of Gods I am, whose hand
Hath Ransom'd thee from Egypt's Land,
O h! then no other Gods implore.
Make no carv'd Statues to adore.
A mighty God speak not in vain.
See that his Sabbath thou maintain.
In honor let thy Parents be.
Oppose thy Wrath, from Murther flee.
Reject Adulteries, faint pleasure.
Do not steal in any Measure.
Abandon all false Witnesse, never love it.
Nor let thy Soul thy Neighbors Riches covet.

Intemperance.

PIETY and POESY.

Intemperance.

A Fancy upon VVords.

HE that's devoted to the GLASS,
The Dice, or a lascivious LASS,
At his own price is made an ASS.

He that is greedy of the GRAPE,
On Reason doth commit a RAPE,
And changeth habit with an APE.

The Lover whose Devotion FLYES
Up to the Sphere where Beauty LYES,
Makes burning-glasses of his EYES.

If long he to that Idol PRAY
His Sight, by Loves inflaming RAY,
Is lost * For ever and for AY.

Rob. Wisdom.

Elegiack

189 - "Whether Mr. Row is Telling
Wisdom in the Cellar Not?"

Lane in L. J. Parkerhead, Pauls. Ch. and -

Rob. Wisdom was an occasional Gadjetto
to the early friends of the Boston L. W. W. Club.

In the witty poem of Nicholas Carter, there are
a stanza, I suppose, to the ghost of Rob. Wisdom.

Embury in his Character of A Precisian. 1791.
"He had rather hear one of Robert Wisdom's
psalms than the best Hymns a Christian can sing."

H. J. Pickenshead says in his Apology -
"When Rous stood forth for his Trial, Robert Wisdom
was found the better Poet." - p. 11. Vol. 1881. &c.

Robert Wisdom seems to have resided in Great Britain

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Elegiack Poems.

D D D D D

An Elegie on the Death of Mr. John Steward.

IF a sad Stranger may presume to mourn,
 And build (in Verse) an *Altar* ore an *Urn*,
 It Tears that com from Heart-instructed Eyes
 Appear no despicable Sacrifice;
 If you'll conceive Sorrow can keep her Court
 In Souls that have the Cause but by Report,
 Or if the loss of virtue you believe
 Can make its Lover (though a Stranger) grieve:
 Admit my Wet Oblation which imparts
 Something that shews th' effects of mourning Hearts.

You who have had no Tears for your own Crimes,
 And cannot vent a Sigh for these sad Times,
 Within whose juiceless Eyes was never seen,
 Drops but proceeding from a tickled Spleen:
 And you who (valor-harden'd) never cou'd
 Bestow one stream to see a Sea of Bloud,
 Though of your Sons, or Brothers; Come to me
 Ile teach you true grief in this Elegie,
Steward is dead, a man whom Truth, and Fame
 With Virtue, ever shall imbalm his Name;

D

Grave

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Grave although Young, who in his heart did prize
 Learning, and yet not wittier than wise;
 Religious without Faction, and could be
 Courteous without the Court Hypocrisie,
 Just to his Friends, not Hatefull to his Foes,
 For he had none, though Virtue seldom goes
 By Envie unattended; He was one
 In whom appear'd much of *Perfection*,
 But Death (the due of Nature) must be paid,
 Beauty, and Strength must in a Grave be laid:
 So hasty and unwilling to defer
 The time, is our great grim, Commissioner;
 Then let us mourn, let our true Sorrow swim,
 That he is not with us, or we with him:
 'Tis Good to mourn for Good, as to Regard,
 Or pity, is a kinde of a Reward:
 His latest precious Breathings, had respect
 To nothing more than divine Dialect,
 Which he committed to his mourning Friends;
 In Exhortations for their better Ends
 Unlocks his breast, which onely could express
 Aspiring Prayers, and pious pensiveness;
 Thus like a Traveller (that will not stray
 To any talk, but's journey, and his way)
 Our *Peregrine* discourseth, till at last
 As Tapers, near their end give greatest blast,
 He dies, and all the Duty I can do
 Is on his Herse to fix a Line or two.

ELEGIACK POEMS

The Epitaph,

UNderneath this Marble lies
Youth's decay, that Merchants prize,
Who trades for what is *just* and *wise*.

On this Urn let no man laugh,
Readers, if thou keep him safe,
His Name shall be thy Epitaph.

Let no one here presume to Read
Unless he be by sorrow lead,
To drop a Tear upon the dead.

It shall be but lent, for when
Thou com'st to th' period of all Men,
His Friends shall pay thy Drops agen.

On the Death of the most worthily honour'd
M^r. John Sidney, who dyed full of
the Small Pox,

Sidney is dead, a Man whose name makes furrows
In his Friends Cheeks, channel'd with Tears for
Within whose Microcosm was combin'd (Sorrow)
All Ornaments of Body, and of Minde.

ELEGIACK POEMS.

In whose good Acts, you might such vollumes see,
As did exceed th' extent of *Heraldry*;
Whose well-composed *Excellencies*, wrought
Beyond the largest scope of *humane* thought.
Indeed, within his *Life's* short little Span,
Was all could be contracted in one *Man*;
And He that would write his true *Elegie*,
Must not Court *Muses*, but *Divinity*.

He's Dead: But *Death*, I have a *Speech*, in vain,
Directed unto *Thee*, where I complain
Upon thy cruel *Office*, that could find
No way to part his *Body* and his *Mind*,
But by a fatal *sickness*, that confounds
The beautiful *Patient*, with so many *wounds*;
Sure when thou mad'st his *Fabrick* to shiver,
Thou could'st not chuse but empty all thy *Quiver*.
What *Man* (to all odds open) in the *Wars*,
Dies with such a *Solemnity* of *Scars*?
Yet his great *Spirit* gives the *Reason why*,
Without that *Number*, *Sidney* could not die:
And therefore we will *Pen* it in his *Story*,
What thou intend'st his *Ruine*, is his *Glory*;
So when the *Heavenly Globe* I've look'd upon,
Have I beheld the *Constellation*
Of *Jupiter*, and on all parts descri'd
Th' illuminated *Body stellified*,
Sprinkled about with *Stars*, so that you might
Behold his *Limbs* and *Hair*, powder'd with *Light*;
This we'll apply, that, though we lose him here,
His *Soul* shall shine in a *Celestial Sphere*.

The

ELEGIACK POEMS.

The Epitaph.

IN this sacred Urn there lies,
Till the last Trump make it rise,
A Light that's wanting in the Skies,

A Corps enveloped with Stars,
Who, though a Stranger to the Wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred Scars.

Death (at once) spent all his store
Of Darts, which this fair Body bore,
Though fewer, had kill'd many more.

For him our own salt Tears we quaff.
Whose Virtues shall preserve him safe
Beyond the power of Epitaph.

*An Elegie on the lamented Death of the virtuous
Miss Anne Phillips, Dedicated to her Son
and Heir Mr. Edmond Philips.*

Religious Creature, on thy sacred Herse
Let my sad Muse engrave a weeping Verse
In watry Characters, which nere shall dry,
Whil'st Men survive to write an Elegy:

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Dull Brass, Prond Marble, and Arabian Gold,
 (Though they tyre Time and Ruine) shall not hold
 Their aged Letters half so long, as we
 Shall keep thy living worth in Memory:
 Obedience was thy study, Frith thy aim,
 Wisdome thy worship, Fortitude thy fame,
 Patience thy peace, and all good Eys might see
 Thou did'st retain Faith, Hope, and Charity.
 Within the holy treasure of thy Mind;
 Were the choise vertues of all Women-kind:
 Nothing that had affinity with good,
 But liv'd within thy Spirit or thy Bloud;
 No costly Marble need on thee be spent,
 Thy deathlesse Worth is thine own Monument.

Thoughts of Life and Death, written upon
 the occasion, *ex tempore*.

I Never look on Life, but with a loathing,
 When it is sterill, and conduceth nothing
 To my Eternal Being; but when I
 Find it devoted to the Deity,
 To love my Neighbour, and obey that State
 Which God hath made next, and immediate
 Under his sacred Power; when I have will
 To Forgive him that doth me greatest ill;
 To calm my Passions, to content my Friends,
 And do no Acts that savour of self-ends,
 Then I love Life; but wanting this, I have
 No joy, but to exchange it for a Grave.

LEGIAK POEMS

An Epitaph on the Death of an Organist.

Within this Earth (a place of low condition)
Intomb'd, here lies, an exquisite Musician:
Living, he thriv'd by Concord, and agreeing,
Looking from all things, to Eternal being:
In Equal Rule and Space he lead his life;
A constant, honest, Consort to his Wife,
Much troubled Musick suffer'd such derision
By many, that began Points of Division:
He now, without controul, no question, sings
Eternal Anthems to the King of Kings.

An Epitaph on Himself.

Nay, Reade, and spare not, Passenger,
My sense is now past feeling,
Who to my Grave a Wound did bear
Within, past Phisicks healing.

But do not (If thou mean to Wed)
To read my Story tarry,
Least thou Envy me this cold Bed,
Rather than live to marry.

FEED JACK POEMS

For a long life, with a lewd Wife

(Worth of all the beside)

Made me more weary of my life,

So I fell sick, and died.

An Epitaph on a Strumpet, buried at Graves-

end, once in my leading there; to go to W
Canterbury.

WE read that Sacred Solomon would have
No nice distinction 'twixt a Whore and Grave.

Since it is so, that now it may be said,

That hears a Grave within a Grave is laid.

She was no Sexton's wife, yet now and then,

Suspicion laid, she buried many a Man.

But now the Grave is dead, why then (my Friend)

The work is past, Thou'rt Welcome to Graves-end.

An Epitaph on my worthy Friend

Mr. John Kirk.

Readet, Within this Dormitory, lies

The wet Mermaid of a Widdow's Eye.

A Kirk, though not of Scotland, One in whom

Loyalty, Love, and Faction found no room:

Not a conventicle Christian, but he Died;

A Kirk of England by the Mothers side.

In brief, to let you know what you have lost,

Kirk was a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

F I N I S .